

There's a term that's being bandied about this campus a lot these days - intellectual apathy.

In the general context in which it is most often used it means "No one really cares around here; they are only out for fun and games. It's too easy to earn A's. The professors can't teach; and still students complain that it's too hard, make it easier."

It's a term which lowers self-esteem, derides the college, and is only true if we allow it to be. Maybe

it is too easy to earn A's. But how many people do it, and earn them consistently? Maybe you're not challenged by course material. But what have

you done about it? What alternatives have you suggested to the professor?

If George Fox is wallowing in an intellectual depression it is not totally the fault of professors and administration. The major influencing factor upon the college is the student body. We're the ones who are apathetic.

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As Dr. Goldsmith points out in his article, printed in this issue, our time spent here at Fox is not preparation for life, it is life. If we do not find within ourselves the motivation for intellectual discovery and growth, if we depend solely upon the faculty, upon those who are in authority over us, we will never learn the creativity and self-discipline necessary for a stimulating and fulfilled life.

(continued on page two)

The poll taken here at George Fox last term revealed some interesting trends among the student body. However, the attitudes that the students and faculty expressed happen to be consistent with national opinion. Two of the questions concerned the Arab-Israeli conflict and which side the person polled favored. Of course, the latter question found those who were asked to be overall pro-Israel. When asked why, the majority often replied, "because of what the Bible says about the

Let's Hear Both Sides . . .

Jew's role and how God is on their side. And, of course, everybody wants to be on the winning side, doesn't he?"

Not necessarily!

According to national questionnaires, many people in our country are behind Israel simply because our government is, although this policy seems to be changing in view of the Arab oil situation. People should remember that our government has been faulty in its foreign policies before, and those who side with our government should accept the reality that often times America is known for agreeing amiably with a neutral position on a controversial subject, to avoid confrontation. An excellent example of this is the acceptance and recognition of Red China into the United Nations while Taiwan, one of our very few allies, was ousted without our leaders tak-

. . . NOW!

by Deborah Halsten

ing a supportive stand in their behalf.

Meanwhile, in the Arab situation, propaganda continues to play a major role in influencing the American public. If one were to accept what the press informs us about the Palestinian cause, we would all believe that there is one united Arab effort that supports terrorism and from which comes all terrorist activity. During the Christmas holidays, a group of Palestinian Terrorists executed a most violent act that outraged a good many people. The coverage given this atrocity gave the unmistakable impression that this was a typical Arab plot that any Palestinian would condone. Little publicity was given to the announcement made by Yasir Arafat, the leader of the *real* Palestinian Liberation Movement in which he denounced these actions as criminal and insane. He also stated that their methods were *not* comparable to his organization's and that he would have had them punished if given custody of the group.

In this Middle East struggle, both sides have backgrounds of injustice, yet only Israel's voice is heard as a legitimate complaint. If the total picture were presented objectively, there is little doubt that the public's view would (and should) be radically changed to a more lenient and favourable attitude towards Arab positions.

The CRESCENT

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ARS SCOLASTICA

(Continued from page one.)

Too many of us, too, cry "intellectual apathy" just as a general term of complaint. We are horrified when the professor requires a 94% to earn an A while about another we are horrified when he gives 94% A's. It reminds me of Jesus' words to the crowd which are recorded in Luke 7:32 — "They are like children who complain to their friends 'You don't like it if we play "wedding," and you don't like it if we play "funeral."'"

We here at George Fox are slipping down into the slough of the world — the world which demands immediate gratification for its desires or its deserts. We're in an era where we're taught that any problem, be it physical, criminal, or social, can be solved in thirty — or at most sixty — minutes, even with time-out for commercials.

We need our pay checks weekly (or bi-weekly); we buy things now, using credit cards and time-payments, rather than waiting till we have saved the cash required. And we demand immediate reward for our studies — be it in the form of a grade or a credit on a transcript.

Step out. Learn to find the satisfaction of setting and achieving a goal without any motivation except that which comes from within yourself. If you're not learning in a class, decide which points of study interest you, plan what you'd like to learn, figure out how you'd do it, and then do it! Talk it over with your professor, yes, it's likely he'll give you some type of credit for it, if your project is at all worthy. But even if he won't give you any tangible recompense for your efforts, continue anyway. Do it for your own sake! For the recompense of self-satisfaction.

If your classes bore you, that's your fault. No one owes you an interesting education; you have to earn it. The interest comes when you stop begging to be fed and start hunting down knowledge for yourself.

George Fox College hasn't been blessed by your presence, and George Fox won't go down the drain if you leave. But you might. Especially if you leave because the "intellectual atmosphere" is depressing you. That's no reason; that's an excuse!

Traditionally one enters college three months after high school graduation. However, I perceive a growing tendency to stay out of school for a while, to work for a year or two or three before going on with one's education. College is not for kids who need to be told what to do, where to go, and what to say. College is for adults.

One of the biggest concepts to learn at college is to be free of grades and assignments. That doesn't mean to ignore them, but rather not to be bound by them — to see class-times and classwork not as the walls of the world of education, but as windows and doors through which we can see and go out to explore greater knowledge and greater freedom — not as confines, but as springboards.

God has given us each minds, brains, which are most wonderful and awesome. Some have greater intellectual capacity than others, but intelligence is a relatively minor requirement in education. God — the author of all knowledge — has given us the key to his manifold world through our minds, and it is a most glorious challenge to discover that world — to unlock the treasurehold of knowledge. And what we're learning here at college is how to use that key, tools with which to manipulate in our search, and the few, first steps along the path of understanding.

If your professors bore you, look beyond your professors to the Origin of learning, and ask Him to be your special teacher. And follow the studies, complete the assignments He gives you to do. And be aware that He may teach by having you sit through a "dull" professor in a rinky-dink class.

If "intellectual apathy" abounds here on campus it is because we have not looked above the physical, the worldly, to the divine. If you are not learning, daily, new insights into yourself, into others, and into this intricate, infinite world, I can only say "Come up, come up to my plane where God is my teacher. The horizons are boundless, the rewards are beyond all measure, and the sun is shining."

L. Minthorne

Convention Report

by
Lyla Hadford

Last week the college's annual Missions Conference did not take place. Instead, GFC sponsored the first Extranos Conference. Extranos is a word (look it up yourself) which means "outside ourselves." However, it could have passed for Missions

Conference any old day. Throughout the week there were seventeen visitors on campus, representing ten different mission boards. Why were they here? To relate their relationship to Christ Jesus, the experiences they've had serving Him on foreign and home mission fields, and to inform the students of opportunities for them in missions work, both on a short and long term basis.

The speakers generally emphasized that the field is changing — changing drastically. More and more the national believers are taking over the work of evangelism, relying on the foreign missionaries only for

advice and additional education and training.

Speakers devoted two evenings to discussing with the students the qualifications for missions work. Perhaps these were best summed up by David Hamm when he said that God needs people on the field that are adaptable to every circumstance and are willing to give themselves totally to their calling.

Phyllis Brown, currently serving with the Oriental Missionary Society International in Colombia, spoke effectively upon how God can direct students while in college to take the correct courses for their needs

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MISSIONARY"

by
Dr. Myron Goldsmith

The annual missionary conference is a highlight of the year at GFC. It stirs and excites us all, and our lives are never quite the same after the presentations, discussions and events are over. But there are some whose lives take an entirely new turn that week. These are the students who are touched by the Spirit with a strong sense of personal direction as a result of the conference. They realize that God has called them in a specific way to be missionaries, perhaps to a particular field abroad or nearer home.

A sense of divine call is one of the greatest blessings one can have. Immediately one's life assumes a new orientation. Previous searchings, plans and ambitions vanish overnight. Instead, there is a quiet sense of certainty, a realization that God has settled the problem of what our future will be. All is not yet mapped out that is ahead, but we know in broad outline what our vocation is and that we should adjust all plans in that direction.

Then there is the thrill of a new sense of God's interest as a result of a call. It is like a refilling of the Spirit or the answer to a long-delayed prayer. A new sense of God and of the miraculous in our lives is often experienced. We have known all along that He was there, but it is good to feel His special presence and know His particular will for us.

It is easy now to feel a sense of identity with the missionaries who have so recently ministered to us. We admire their lives of courageous and quiet heroism, and resolve to be as faithful and as committed when our time comes. A successful missions conference does give us the distant view. It lifts up our eyes upon far horizons, acquaints us with strange places, cultures and climates. As we listen to missionary experiences or look at films and slides in full color and sound, the whole enterprise sometimes assumes a quite romantic cast. We get caught up in the purple haze of the exciting life out there and what is going to be.

But — if we are really called of God to be a missionary, it is very important to recognize that the call puts us under obligation now. With the call comes the empowerment to be a missionary. You *are* a missionary, now. School, classes and training function only to perfect and sharpen you as a tool and an instrument in the hand of God. That training is vital, as you will discover when you make contact with a mission board, but the board will be very concerned to know how you have already exercised your call as a missionary.

Here are some questions mission boards ask of missionary applicants: "What evangelistic method do you find most effective in winning souls for Christ?" "When did you first speak to someone about being a Christian, and when did you last?" "How many persons were reached by your witness last year?" "What experiences have you had that are like what you will face on our field?"

So, it's not so much that you're *going* to be a missionary, but the fact that you are now. The sequence of college experiences which end with commencement after four years contributes to the feeling that life is out there ahead of us and what we're living now is not the *real* thing. But college life *is* real life, and the best prepared student is the one who has had a pervading sense of his calling while in school.

A few years ago a GFC coed of beautiful Christian spirit was fatally stricken without warning and died within hours. Saturday noon she was in Heacock Commons for lunch, and at dinner shocked students heard the news of her passing. A stunned campus realized that year that this *is* life at GFC, not merely preparation. Our experiences and relationships here — meeting on sidewalks, in classrooms, in the food line or in residence halls — all of these are life and deserve our best.

God's best to all of you who are called to be missionaries. And don't forget to exercise your call now, in the power of Him who called you.

on the field. "When I was in school," she said, "I had to take music theory, and lots of other things which I didn't see how I was going to use." Now Phyllis is teaching music to missionaries' children.

Speaker David Hamm also said that one person out of forty that dedicate their lives to missions work actually makes it to the field. The call to go into full-time service for the Lord Jesus Christ is a privilege given to those who have accepted and answered His invitation for eternal life. It is out of their love for His first call that they answer his second. It is an important step to take, but it's seldom a regretted one.

"The Lord is good to those who wait for Him, to the soul that seeks Him. It is good that one should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord." Lamentations 3: 24-25.



A BARGEY MAN In The Night

by Ron Mock

This article will not be a theological dissertation about the validity of the Rapture teaching, but it may help you to evaluate what I have to say if I tell you how I feel about it. My church has neither come out for or against it, and neither have my parents. And I can see the logic in that. There is a strong scriptural backing for both sides of the question, depending on how you interpret certain verses.

But, what difference does it make to argue and fight about it? Do you have to believe in the Rapture (as I don't) to be included in it if it comes? Or is it more important to have Christ and His way of life in your heart?

And what's the difference if there even is a Rapture or not? Shouldn't we be living perfectly in God's will, Rapture or no Rapture? Must we be scared into it?

The things I really want to question here are the commonly-used devices of "evangelism by fallacy" and "evangelism by fear."

For those of you who didn't see "A Thief in The Night," it was a film about the Rapture. Its major theme was "be ready or you'll be left behind to suffer the tribulation." It came out against reason and for sheep. It said that only those who reject God's Word or mold Christ's teachings to suit their own selfish desires do not believe in the Rapture. And, worst of all, it was presented in an evangelical service.

Did it support these claims with evidence? No. The writers had to use a fallacy

to even make this blindness look credible. They had a pontifical preacher preach hogwash, balderdash, and reason all in one sermon. The implication is that reason is the same as balderdash and hogwash since the same man preached it. If I tell you that it snows in Alaska and that snow is generally red, does that mean that it doesn't snow in Alaska?

But all this is mere human error next to the real sin: evangelism by fear.

If you looked from outside the church at how much fear (being left behind and going to hell) is used to evangelize, what kind of impression would you get? Wouldn't it seem that fear is the best reason 2,000 years of Christian theology could come up with for becoming a Christian? "You must accept Christ for, if you don't, the God of love will make you suffer eternally." Or, "You must be Christ's disciple or else you will be left behind to a hell on earth when He returns in all His mercy." God, to you, would not be a God who demands genuine quality in living so that life can be bettered; rather He likes quality because it makes Him feel good.

Of course, this way of evangelizing never works on those who are convinced that there is no hell. And for the rest it often only gets deathbed confessions as people get set to meet their maker.

One Christian in the film was asked why he looked forward to the Rapture so much if the tribulation was to follow. He said it

was because for Christians were hoping that Christ would return quickly to take them away with Him . . .

. . . and leave everyone else in hell. It looks as if we Christians couldn't care less about all the suffering that will take place when Christ comes. "You can shut off the pumps now, gas station attendant, I've got my gas."

(And they'll know we are Christians by our love?)

Why must we reduce people to little bowls of emotional jelly before we even have a chance to convince them of Christ's value? Is that our best case for Christianity?

No. I am happy to say that Christ Himself didn't think so, and He didn't teach that way, either. His disciples didn't follow Him and the people didn't come to him because He was going to heaven.

They followed Jesus because He had something extra special: He had a big chunk of heaven while He was still alive. That was a strange thing then, and is still strange today. Up until His life, no one had even thought it possible to have heaven while one is still totally in contact with this world's reality.

That is what we should be showing to others. That is how we should win brothers. Not only will they be more permanent, they will be happier.

What did Jesus preach?
If it was fear, you can stick Him.
But if He depended on love, why can't we?

Kierkegaard's message for this is clear. Is there a correct manner, or merely "that which seems correct to me?" What we too often are saying with "You can't judge" is actually "Don't tell me what is right and wrong; for I will decide for myself."

The whole question is extended, and I would not be so presumptuous to offer the solution; but the path to that solution shall not be found as long as we continue to believe *falsely* that we cannot learn from one another's beliefs of right and wrong.

You are squelching the voice of God most assuredly when you don't believe that He speaks through people — people who may say "I think you're wrong."

I pray that my community of believers will continue to test me, contribute to my growth, by pointing out areas for me to consider.

Yes, you *can* judge, and I pray that you will.

I invite response, as always.

of Christianity comes from intellectual doubt. This is a complete fallacy. Doubt comes from negligence and a lack of willingness to submit to authority. Thus we

THOU SHALT JUDGE

have been beating the air trying to deal with intellectual doubt . . . rather than in subordination to authority."

NOTE: A definition of *judge*: the Bible compels us not to judge, meaning *condemn*; only God can condemn. But we must all *evaluate*. When I hereafter say *judge*, I mean the latter, or evaluation.

As a reaction to a time of dogma, and perhaps as a generation of the same, there is a rejection of norms, of values, and of any kind of "law." Not that "our generation" advocates a new dogma or a new set of laws, but in something I would call "subjective philosophy." As an extension of this, young Christians represent a particular form of "subjective philosophy," which is more like "situation Christianity."

I recently discussed this subject with a small group. The statement "I don't think you can judge" has become the ultimate cop-out for a generation denying authority.

"People try to convince us that rejection

BOXES THAT SURROUND THE LIVING WITHIN THEM

by Dan Berggren

I just recently discovered the town's public library. It's a tiny place, run by a retired veteran and some elderly ladies on Social Security. The building was erected the year the Titanic sank, and has remained, since then, solid and almost unchanged.

I ran home the long way, parallel to First Street, hands in my pockets and breathing puffs of cold air. I slowed to a walk in front of an imposing-looking, clapboard, two-storied structure surrounded by a cluster of ancient maple trees.

Houses don't usually catch my eye. Fit and function are one and the same to me. In my hurry, I can be attracted by a tower, or gingerbread gables, or a set of lofty pillars as well as anyone. But the homes



themselves are simply dwelling place boxes that surround the living within them.

But this house was different. It seemed to breathe out a proud, austere stateliness that lent dignity to the bland apartment and one-stories around it. Rearing up majestically in front of me, it conveyed an impression of power. Power . . . and something else not immediately clear to me: righteousness.

Standing there quietly in the cold afternoon air, watching the winter sunlight bleach the clean, spare lines of the front porch, I experienced a feeling of awe such as one feels in the presence of holiness. The design of the house was undefeatable. Pioneer stock had settled here; pioneer hands had drawn and built the place, guided by such a strong sense of values that they were reflected in its style.

I stood silently for several minutes; then I tracked across a corner of the yard by the maples, back to the sidewalk. From the corner of my eye I noticed a thin, unsmiling woman watching me from the kitchen window. She lifted her hand to me, and waved back cheerfully before going away.

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"Except Ye Become As Little Children. . ."

When you hear the name *Godspell*, how do you react? Angry and confused, or alive and challenged? I have heard many differing opinions about what this movie meant to the people at George Fox, and would attempt to share with you my own.

Godspell helped break down my preconceived ideas about Jesus Christ and has challenged me to look at my relationship to Him in a new and fresh light. It took more than one viewing for me to come to any concrete conclusions and to catch the symbolic meanings of many of the film's scenes.

As Jesus said in Matthew 18:3, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." The writer of *Godspell* took this concept and made being Jesus follower a joyful, new, learning experience. The

actors "became" as children; and childlike they pantomimed Jesus' parables, being confused yet awed by the impact of each lesson. They were not perfect, but they were real.

Most people have criticized the film, saying it made no mention of Christ's resurrection. But they should think again of the words of the final song — "Long live God; prepare ye the way of the Lord; day by day" — and see the symbolism in Jesus Christ's followers carrying his body back into the everyday world, to be the lights in the darkness.

I pray that those Christians who have talents and skills in the areas of writing, dramatics, photography, composing, and staging will learn a very special message from the production of *Godspell*. The Christian message must be as real, as profes-

sionally staged and executed, and as poignantly touching as was this supposed non-Christian production if we are ever to reach our world with the reality that God loves us. In our love and joy of serving Him, we will be lights to destroy the darkness of our world and draw those searching out of the dark to our small patch of light.

For me *Godspell* presented a challenge from the world of non-believers to re-evaluate my Christian life. I have read and studied many things, but have I really become as a child in my trust and joy in my friend my Lord, my Savior? The words of every song spoke to me; and I in turn must take my new knowledge and share it with you, my brothers and sisters in Christ; in hope that you, too, will be challenged.

Linda Nay

PROMISES,

You, Guarantee, Money, New, Proven, Love, Health, Easy, Results, Save, Discovery, Safety

by Roger Sargent

According to researchers from Yale University, these are the twelve most persuasive words in the American language today. They all point to quality, affluence, reputation, and endless improvements for those who use them. However, I notice one word, used frequently in our daily lives, which is not included on the list. Whatever happened to *promise*?

We make promises almost everyday. Sometimes by word of mouth, sometimes by written contract, but, either way, promises. When we signed our contract to come to George Fox College we promised to abide by certain norms. When we say the "I do's" and sign a marriage license we make a promise to the person we marry for life. When we write down an amount of money on the Faith Promise slips during the Missions Conference and sign our names to them, we make a promise. When we tell God we'll do what He wants us to do, we make a very serious promise. And

everyday we make little promises when we tell people we will do certain things.

But our nation's courts are flooded today. Traffic courts can't handle all of their cases, the majority of which involve people who have signed contracts to abide by the rules of the road. And how many violators haven't been cited? Divorce courts are handling cases from one out of every four marriages that haven't been able to make it go.

To come closer to home, last year a total

PROMISES,

of \$9,454.00 was promised for missions work in the faith promise program; but only \$3,254.89 came in by the date agreed upon and the final income was \$4,072.35 — less than half the original amount promised.

And how many people do you know here at GFC who drink, smoke, gamble, use non-prescription drugs, have obscene or pornographic material, or indulge in sexual immorality? How many times have you told God you would do something and didn't? Have you ever thought about the promises

you've made to God and to other individuals?

It's no wonder that the concept behind the word *promise* has lost its influence. We too often have given our word too lightly; it now rings hollow on the ears of many. Even written promises are beginning to lose much of their significance.

Here at Fox I've found it quite easy to go back on my word, and after doing so to say, "Well, the people I'm dealing with are Christians; they're forgiving; they'll understand; I'm just so busy." But then I find that rationale creeping into my devotional and prayer life, too. Again, "God is an understanding God; and, besides, He's an expert at forgiveness. After all, only Christ was perfect."

Are we supposed to go around proving our imperfection? Haven't Watergate, and Vietnam, and the other items we hear on the news everyday proved our imperfection sufficiently?

Paul write in Phillipians 4:13 "I can do all things," (yes, *all things*) through Jesus

PROMISES

Mail Can Be Waited For...

Mailboxes fascinate me. They stand in front of our houses like proud little sentinels, reminding of our self-importance. They are supposed to be filled with the symbols of a fulfilling, satisfied life. Few of us ever notice the patterns that years of birthdays, baby-showers, church bulletins, report-cards, wedding invitations, Valentines, and letters from home stitch into the fabric of our lives.

I haunted my mailbox, first week on campus, hoping for a letter from home. Daily, I enviously watched others wander by me, unlock their little glass-and-metal doors, and scoop up a handful of envelopes with distant addresses on them as though it were just a part of the everyday routine.

I began to find school bulletins in it. Now and then I got a note from the custodian's room, or an office memo requesting completion of a personal-information card. By the start of my second week, I was being treated to basketball schedule sheets, advertisements, and a flaming-pink slip of something that turned out to be an overdue book notice from the library. Each time

by Dan Berggren

I passed the box, I prepared for some refreshing, new adventure with the administration. Today it might just be the school paper, but tomorrow there might be a passionate little note from the person in box #248.

It had never occurred to me that I might be lonely... I didn't think I had the time to be. Still, I had followed some pretty strong patterns in my life back home, and a close tie to my family and friends were among them. Patterns are hard to change, harder to break away from: I missed what I had left.

I began to realize that I'm the only one who can feel it's right to be here. After all, it was my own choice to follow what led me here, and nobody's going to stop me if I don't feel like staying. Nobody's expecting me to come back home, either.

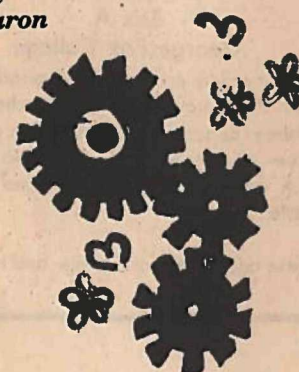
Letters can be waited for; adjustment can't. I have to learn to belong to what I have been offered here.



Incident #1

Once there was a machine made up of approximately 450 pieces. Each was carefully locked into the place where it belonged (or was supposed to belong). Every day, these various bits and pieces of the machine did their labeled bits of work. For example, one piece went *tthink, tthink, tthink*, *tthink, tthink, tthink* all day long. Another piece didn't say anything, but went about in a prescribed circle, stopping at various points to do an appointed task such as hitting a lazy nut on the head to make it turn a screw a few centimeters which turned a large cog wheel which turned seven smaller cog wheels which turned who knows how many other wheels so that the entire machine ran smoothly and without incident. It also ran in nearly total silence —

by
Veida
Le Baron



except for an occasional squeak now and then from some resistant cog. But that was always oiled immediately.

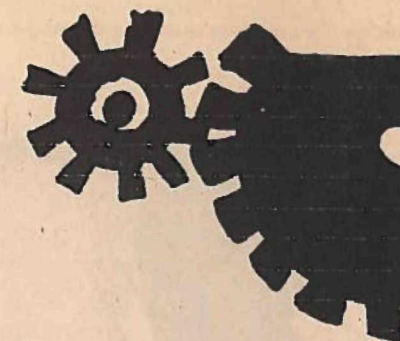
Then one day it happened. The Master of the machine detected something different about his smoothly running mass of automation. It wasn't silence — that was easily ascertained — but it wasn't exactly a squeak either. So he waited to see what would develop. The master didn't realize it, but a few cogs changed their regulated orbit a bit and had stumbled onto a discovery. And not only that, this discovery changed them so that they would never be exactly the same again — as if they wanted to be the same. They could still perform their usual duties — as befitted a properly locked-in cog — but they could no longer keep silent. The other cogs, of course, couldn't help hearing about it; and slowly they began to change. The Master, trying to find out what was going on, discovered nothing tangible, but finally he decided to check it out thoroughly. Yes, it definitely sounded different — there wasn't the usual silence broken only by a squeak here or a squawk there; it was as if the machine were singing. As he was contemplating this he noticed the lazy nut that got hit on the head every day. To his amazement when the nut was hit, plump rosy-red hearts appeared, along with a few fresh daisies, and some fat yellow dandelions like the ones that grow around here on the GFC campus in the spring.

The Master was so puzzled that he sat down on the ground to figure it out. But he couldn't, and he didn't have enough wit to ask any of the pieces why they were acting the way they were. For that reason, he sold the machine to someone else, and the cogs kept on rejoicing.

Incident #2

The machine had now been operating a long time. Most of the original cogs had worn out and been replaced long ago. During this process of change, the machine had lost something. The new owner (who was new only as in contrast to the former owner) did the best he could to keep the machine in its original condition (he rather liked the way it sang and emitted hearts and flowers), but over the years the machine had slowly lost touch and then forgotten its history. It still sang the same song, but something vital was missing. Perhaps it was the lack of daisies and dandelions. That tradition had been discontinued long ago as being rather fruitless (in that it produced nothing), and indeed, rather silly. Some even questioned whether it had ever existed. It was a silly practice of no merit or consequence whatever.

Then one day it happened. Early one morning, as the machine was starting its work and singing its old tired song (which should have been allowed to die long ago), something new was noticed. Four or five young cogs of no status whatever in the system of the machine had the insufferable temerity to paint themselves the most out-



THE MACHINE

rageous colors one could imagine! Such actions had never been heard of before and work nearly ground to a halt as the controversy raged.

"It's MOCKERY, that's what it is!" said some of the more established conservatives in shocked voices. "It's BLASPHEMY against our traditions as established by the Great Masters who made us. Besides, who would the other cogs think? We don't want to be stumbling blocks to anyone who sees us — they might get the wrong idea."

"Whoever heard of cogs being painted in green and blue polka-dots on purple stripes, not to mention the one painted orange, pink, and red? They must be either show-offs or insane."

But others liked it. "It's about time this machine changed its tune," they said. "And it's nice to see color instead of all those grays, browns and blacks."

The controversial cogs didn't say much but smiled to themselves. When work got underway again, there was some confusion as to the song to be sung. Some sang the old traditional, but others joined in with the new chorus the painted cogs were singing. What a strange harmony there was between the two!

There was even some discussion of improving the art of hearts and flowers, but no one knew how to do it anymore. Perhaps it would have been lost among the bright colors with which some of the cogs began to paint themselves, anyway.

When the Master came to check on the machine, he saw what was happening. Not deciding whether it was good or bad, whether the machine was better or worse than it had been before, he waited to see what would happen.

Unfortunately, I can't tell you who really this the ending of this particular story, because you are the cogs — and the choice of how it ends is up to you.



"Getting to Know You. . ."

MUG SHOTS

(alias
SILHOU
ETTES)

Rex Carter will be a senior winter term, taking a double major in business and communication.

He's living off campus this year which makes it hard for him to get to know everyone. He has attended Fox for all three years and has observed that the college is becoming more Christ-centered. "Now more than ever, the students are not concerned with shallow Christianity, but seem to pursue spiritual depth," he says.

Rex is very interested in personal evangelism, and he gets great joy from telling people about the Lord. The way the early Church grew was through personal witnessing, he relates. Christians led their friends to Christ, and the Church mushroomed. Rex thinks that a nationwide

revival would take place if every Christian would get involved this way.

He would also like to see more Christian television programs. These would be the usual doctor-hospital, lawyer, crime and war series, but with a Christian message to them.

Rex grew up in the Philippines and applied to George Fox because it was small and he had some relatives in the area. Through the witness of kids on campus he met the Lord and asked Jesus to rule his life. He says, "I've grown a lot stronger in the Lord by being with brothers and sisters." Because he met the Lord here, he asks each of us to realize that not everyone coming here knows the Lord, and that they are really watching us.

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